

# Johnson and Caldwell May Oppose In Final Game of Series With New York

## CALDWELL MAY BE IN FOR TRIMMING WHEN HE FACES JOHNSON

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Walter Johnson vs. Ray Caldwell is a choice diamond offering for Gothaes tomorrow. We've just got to get more people into the Polo Grounds, that's all, and this show may serve the purpose.

Unless Ray Caldwell regains the form he had during the spring, he is going to take a trimming, too, tomorrow. The telegrapher-twirler was trounced up in Boston the other day, and won in Philadelphia before that on a fluke. He's going to hit the real thing when he hits Johnson on a July afternoon.

Johnson and Caldwell have fought one battle already this season at the Polo Grounds. On April 21 they hooked up and the Griffs got three blows off the slim Yankee. Meanwhile, Johnson allowed eleven bingles, losing, 4 to 0. Since that April day Johnson has been steadily improving, and tomorrow he ought to stand those Yankees on their several left ears.

Bill Donovan wants the honor of stopping the onward rush of Johnson to a scoreless-inning record. The Kansas Zephyr has gone twenty-nine frames now without giving the enemy a peek at the pan, and, if supported properly, he may go twice as far again. He's going to try, anyway.

The Griffins leave this place tomorrow at midnight, arriving in Boston in time for breakfast Sunday. "Native sons" like Boehling, who once pitched for Worcester, and Mike Martin, who once saw a picture of the Bunker Hill Monument, are planning to lead parties to the benches, all two of them—Revere and Nantasket.

Manager Griffith says that there are no new developments in the Morgan case. Indeed, judging from his conversation, the only time Griffith recalls the existence of his former second baseman is when he answers questions of the war, corresponding to the fact that Doug Neff is plugging along, looking just a bit better every day.

"I am tickled at the news," said Manager Griffith, when told of the addition to the family of Walter Johnson. "It takes a lot of time to get a pitcher in the mind. Now watch him turn back every team he faces. Wouldn't surprise me at all to see him hang up a few new records now. He's been doing a lot of this for some time, but now that it's all over watch him go."

What goes up must come down again, according to one of old Lady Nature's fundamental paragraphs, so the Yankees, having gone up the day before, came down yesterday, 6 to 3. For more than two hours the Yanks and Griffs perspired out there in the hot sun. For the same length of time some 3,500 nuts sat and sizzled in the stands. No, it wasn't exactly pleasant for any of us. Personally, we thought Colonel Ruppert's cooling draught at the back of the stand much to be preferred to running around out there in the hot sun. So did a whole lot of other fans, judging by the mob hanging around that place.

Whenever Bert Gallia is given half-cent support, he has a chance to pop; so he popped yesterday with becoming modesty. In only one inning, the second, did he seem to totter. He walked a couple of guys then. True, in the ninth, Old Man Hartzell inflected the plop over into the right field stand with a man on, but in Washington Connolly would have nailed that spheroid without so much excitement. Gallia, coming from the Mexican border, revelled in the hot sun, smoking in his spitters most bewilderingly. The hat he wore was registered against his stuff included a couple of mere scratches, and so he well deserved his peek at the movies, followed by a lemonade during the evening. Bert did a good job—that's all.

John Henry felt particularly savage. His high pop over Malsels dome in the second won't so much, but his steaming slam to left in the fourth was hearty and his triple to the wall in right in the sixth was a whale of a wallop. In addition, Joan perspired just a little more than anybody else seen during the day. You see, he was also doing a man's size job behind the bat.

Yes, we knew you'd ask if Neff knocked in any more runs. No, he didn't. He did manage to lay down a perfect sacrifice bunt in the fourth, but he went hitless. He displayed considerable alacrity in hoping around the infield, though, covering first base a couple of times when Gandil happened to be otherwise engaged. Neff will do, boys; he'll do.

Ray Fisher didn't like his task out there on the mound. The Griffs kept plugging him all the time with bingles and bunts that quite upset him. He faded away after the fifth to let Marty McElahe, the Irish Thrush, throw some spitters. Marty did the thing pretty well, too, though it was rather late then.

When Milan and Gandil opened the second frame with safe hits, it looked bad for Fisher till Boone, a busy youth, picked up Neff's rolling batted ball and doubled up the Virginian. That might have helped Fisher out of his trouble, save that Henry beat out a high bouncer to Malsel and galloped to second on the midget's wild heave to right field. Milan, of course, went over. That tied the score, because the Yankees had made one in their first high doubling and sneaking in while Foster was tossing out Malsel.

The Griffs took the lead in the third and were never after headed. Gallia's slashing double to the left field wall opened the frame, followed by Connolly's clean swing to center. Foster forced Connolly, but that didn't stop Gallia from scoring.

Gandil stopped a wild pitch with his back to open the fourth, hiking up on Neff's sacrifice and going all the way around on Henry's single to left. The last run off Fisher was chalked up in the fifth. With one gone, Shanks walked and stole. He was caught between stations when Milan hit to Fisher, and finally killed. Milan landing on second. When Gandil's slam smashed a plank in the left field fence Milan ambled across.

It was a nice gentlemanly game after Fisher went away, but for Henry's fine triple in the eighth and Hartzell's daily

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## TODAY'S SPORTORIAL

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Has the Federal League made good? Yes and no. If you believe that making good is indicated by worry and collapse of opponents, no matter who, then the Federal League most certainly has made good. If you believe that popularity with the public, resulting in profits worth while, is proper gauge to be used in measuring success, the Federal League has failed.

When the Federal League burst upon the baseball world in the winter of 1914, it announced a most ambitious program for itself. It was to introduce "big league baseball in cities ground under the oppression of the powers of organized baseball," notably Baltimore, Kansas City, Buffalo, and Indianapolis. It was to be a haven for the "hard-working ball player now limited in his money-making capacity by those same insidious powers of organized baseball." It was to aid the player to "shake off the shackles of a baseball slavery," to "make him a free man once more." It was quick to announce that "only fair means would be used in establishing itself," considerable advertising coming in the early weeks from refusals of President Gilmore to deal with this or that player. Whether or not the Federal League is going to exist after the present campaign cannot be decided immediately. Time will determine that. But it is possible to consider whether or not the Federal League has made good to date.

The Federal League has succeeded in worrying its enemy, the men connected with organized baseball. It has succeeded in almost ruining two big minor organizations, the International League and the American Association. It has caused the two major leagues to spend much money that might have been saved in these days of world war. From this angle, it is possible to see the success of the Federal League. The Feds have driven the International League out of Baltimore, though this is a doubtful victory. They have driven the Newark International League club to Harrisonburg. They have brought about the collapse of the Philadelphia Athletics by their stupendous offers to players really necessary to the welfare of what was one of the greatest ball clubs ever got together. From this viewpoint it is readily admitted that the Feds have won their fight. But when this success is checked up against the failure, it almost fades from sight.

The Feds have fallen down badly in introducing "big league baseball" in Kansas City, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Baltimore and Newark. The Kansas City club lost around \$100,000 in 1914 and was retained in that city only by court injunction restraining President Gilmore from transferring the franchise going to Newark. Indianapolis failed to support the pennant-winner, the franchise going to Newark. Baltimore, expected to be a stronghold of the "third league," dropped money in 1914 and, losing even more this season, faces bankruptcy because the fans have quit cold. Newark, deprived of its international League baseball, refuses to give its support to the Feds, who are losing money hand over fist with their Harris centre.

The Feds have failed as a "third big league" simply for the reason that they did not get the big league players. They did not get certain trouble-makers, certain former big league players with reputations existing only in the record books and certain deserters having yet to establish themselves firmly in the big leagues. But all the trouble-makers like George Stovall or Hal Chase, all the deserters like Jim Delahanty, Frank Laporte or Bill Bradley, all the new stars like Chief Johnson, Gene Packard or Bill Barnden could not make the new league a real big league and the cities invited by the Feds quickly discovered that fact. The result was inevitable. Calling Al Bridwell "one of the fastest men in the game" could not fool St. Louis fans. Boosting Bob Groom to the skies could not wipe out his record in the American League. Glamouring about the remarkable feat of Vinout Campbell could not make Pittsburgh and Boston fans forget that he failed to make good with his teams in the big league. And so it goes all down the line. The Feds did not get the big league players, and, naturally, could not produce big league baseball.

As for being "a haven for the diamond slave," even the players in the Federal circuit now realize the grim joke in that announcement. Certain efforts were made to tie up millions upon millions of dollars in forcing the introduction of the so-called "ironclad contract." Even this failed, and is now shown to have been a boomerang. The players going to the Feds have no reason to expect a better treatment from their new bosses than they did from the old. In some cases they have been turned out with no place to go. "Whoa" money to cut him off and install a player-manager at half the outlay. Larry Schaffy, who did the McAleer stunt for Gilmore in signing up players, was dropped like a hot coal to let Henry Lord become player-manager of the Buffalo club. Gratitude exists no more among the Feds than it does among the men of organized baseball. Indeed, the record of the big leagues is filled with cases showing that veterans were taken care of when their days of activity had passed.

## Cravath Connects For Tenth Circuit Clout

He Also Aids Materially in Sending Erskine Mayer Forth Upon a Happy Married Career—Dodgers Again Take Measure of Giants.

By KIRK C. MILLER.

Deciphering the codes today leads one to surmise that about the best place to have spent yesterday afternoon, if one were pleasure bent, was not in some cool nickelodeon, where the films flicker to and fro, nor yet in any ice cream parlor, where frozen dainties are served, but in Philadelphia, Pa., where the Braves and Phillies furnished more real baseball than any of the major leagues who performed under the July sun.

Cactus Cravath glided majestically to the plate in the ninth inning and spanked out a home run when the score was tied at 1 all. It was the tenth circuit clout which he has inserted this season, and by so doing yesterday he helped one Erskine Mayer, who had already pulled himself out of trouble three times when the bases had been bazoned, celebrate happily his first day of married life. Mayer was married Wednesday, and today he has the distinction of starting a successful career in double harness. Oh, yes, the final score was 2 to 1, favor of the Phils.

Byrne crossed in the first inning when Jeff Tesreau was again the subject of a fit of old-time batting, which descended upon the Brooklyn club. Jeff's team fell into the ditch of defeat by 5 to 2, and it is hard to say whether he or his teammates are more to blame. True, the Oark Giant was well assaulted, but that doesn't forgive his teammates for falling to connect with the benders of Napoleon Rucker, who was going like a house afire for the Brooklynites.

As early as the third inning the Superbas demonstrated that they still retain some of their 1914 batting acumen, and five runs were seen to trickle across the plate in that frame. Further explosions of Brooklyn bats appeared in the fourth, fifth, and seventh innings.

Up in Brooklyn the Giants continued on their in-and-out career, and Ozark Jeff Tesreau was again the subject of a fit of old-time batting, which descended upon the Brooklyn club. Jeff's team fell into the ditch of defeat by 5 to 2, and it is hard to say whether he or his teammates are more to blame. True, the Oark Giant was well assaulted, but that doesn't forgive his teammates for falling to connect with the benders of Napoleon Rucker, who was going like a house afire for the Brooklynites.

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## HEIR IS BORN TO KING OF PITCHERS

Walter Johnson, Jr., Arrives and Yells for Father, Who Responds to Call.

Walter Johnson, premier of Clark Griffith's pitching cabinet, is the happiest man on the staff of the Washington team today to get the first glimpse of the heir apparent to his pitching title. Walter Jr., who arrived last evening, Big Walter was immediately notified and left New York on the midnight train for Washington. He will leave to join his father at midnight tonight.

Of all the young fathers in the ranks of the Griffins, Johnson is the first to boast a boy and congratulations swarmed to him from his mates before he started for Washington. Danny Stoller refused to surrender, he expects similar news from home almost any day and insists that a son is coming for him too.

## Paul Treanor Wins Junior Championship

NEW YORK, July 2.—Paul Treanor, the West Virginia interscholastic champion, won the first junior championship of Staten Island yesterday on the courts of the Clifton Tennis Club at Arochar, S. I., defeating Gordon Gilderpieve three sets to one at 6-2, 6-2, 6-4. The contest closed the season of the Clifton Tennis Club, and brought out some excellent tennis. It was the second of the local junior championships, which are designed to develop young players.

## Big League Biffers Of a Day

	A.B.	H.	T.B.	Av.
Wilson, Cards...	3	3	4	1.000
Gandil, Griffs...	2	2	2	1.000
Wendell, Giants...	2	2	2	1.000
Smith, Giants...	1	1	1	1.000
Twombly, Reds...	1	1	1	1.000
Henry, Griffs...	4	3	5	.750
Miller, Dodgers...	4	3	5	.750
Viox, Pirates...	3	2	4	.667
Snyder, Reds...	3	2	2	.667
Olson, Reds...	3	2	2	.667
Cravath, Phillies...	3	2	5	.667
Mayer, Phillies...	3	2	2	.667

## Gallia To The Front

	Wash.	A.B.	H.	O.	E.	N.Y.	A.B.	H.	O.	E.
Connolly	4	1	0	0	0	High	4	1	0	0
Foster	3	0	0	0	0	Fack	3	0	0	0
Shanks	4	0	0	0	0	Shanks	4	0	0	0
Nolan	4	2	0	0	0	Pipp	4	0	0	0
Leavitt	3	0	0	0	0	Leavitt	3	0	0	0
Yed	3	1	1	1	1	Hartzell	4	1	2	0
Henry	4	2	1	0	0	Boone	3	0	0	0
McBride	4	2	0	0	0	McBride	4	2	0	0
Gallia	4	2	1	0	0	Fisher	4	0	0	0
Totals	33	17	12	5	5	Totals	33	17	12	5

Batted for Fisher in fifth.  
Batted forweeney in ninth.  
Batted for Malsel in ninth.

Washington..... 011 110 006-5  
New York..... 100 000 009-3

Runs—Milan (3), Gandil, Gallia, High (2), Hartzell, Two-base hits—High, Gallia, Milan. Three-base hits—Henry. Home runs—Hartzell, Leavitt, Connolly, Hartzell, Neff, Gandil, Spolen bases—Sweeney, Foster, Shanks. Double play—Boone to Pipp. Earned runs—New York, 3; Washington, 5. Bases on balls—Fisher, 2; of Gallia, 3; of Malsel, 1. Left on bases—New York, 6; Washington, 3. Hits by pitcher—By Fisher, 1; Hite—O'Fisher, 8 in 5 innings; of Malsel, 3 in 4 innings. Out—by Fisher, 1; by Gallia, 1; by Malsel, 1; by Hite, 1; by O'Fisher, 1. Time of game—1 hour and 15 minutes.

homer in the ninth. Milan's double to the right field fence opened that eighth. Gandil's clever sacrifice showing him up a station. Neff was helpless, but Henry's three-base knock did the business.

Dick Cook took a walk to start the ninth. That let him crawl all the way around when Hartzell dropped the pill into the stand right behind Connolly. At least nine fans cheered that wallop and one, a sickly man, was seen to leave the Colonel Huppert's quarters long enough to get to the comforters there was a fire anywhere. Then he came back. After that Tommy Connolly bagged three batters in a row and the daily scramble for seats on the Sixth Avenue "L" began.

Daniel Boone, no relation of the other one, took care of only fifteen fielding chances, eight of them assists. He ranged around like a wild stallion and looked like a million dollars. That's a funny combination, come to think of it.

When he was run down in the fifth, Hank Shanks tried to double Fisher by falling face forward. Fisher was watching right along and kicked Hank in the jawbone, putting him away for a moment. So Nick Altrock knocked him self out back of third and did his own fanning till he recovered. The fans roared.

The contest was so intensely fought that the fans did not miss an inning of the grand game in Brooklyn, as shown on the scoreboard.

## League Standing

### AMERICAN LEAGUE.

#### Standing of the Clubs.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.	Win.	Loss.
Chicago	46	21	.687	61	57
Boston	36	23	.610	617	690
Detroit	39	27	.591	597	582
WASHINGTON	31	25	.554	532	531
New York	33	31	.516	523	568
Cleveland	23	39	.371	381	565
St. Louis	22	41	.348	349	549
Philadelphia	22	42	.344	354	535

#### Tomorrow's Games.

Washington at New York.  
Cleveland at St. Louis.  
Philadelphia at Boston.

#### Today's Games.

Washington at Detroit.  
Cleveland at St. Louis.  
Chicago at Boston.

#### Yesterday's Results.

Washington, 5; New York, 3.  
Chicago, 4; Detroit, 3.  
Philadelphia, Boston, rain.  
Cleveland, 5; St. Louis, 2.

### NATIONAL LEAGUE.

#### Standing of the Clubs.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.	Win.	Loss.
Chicago	36	26	.577	581	580
Philadelphia	33	27	.550	557	471
Pittsburgh	32	28	.533	541	425
St. Louis	35	32	.520	529	512
Boston	29	34	.460	469	463
New York	25	34	.426	456	448
Brooklyn	25	34	.426	460	444
Cincinnati	20	32	.385	438	448

#### Tomorrow's Games.

Pittsburgh at Chicago.  
St. Louis at Cincinnati.  
Boston at Philadelphia.  
New York at Brooklyn.

#### Today's Games.

St. Louis at Cincinnati.  
New York at Brooklyn.  
Boston at Philadelphia.  
Pittsburgh at Chicago.

#### Yesterday's Results.

Philadelphia, 2; Boston, 1.  
Brooklyn, 6; New York, 2.  
Pittsburgh, 4; Chicago, 6.  
Cincinnati, 5; St. Louis, 4.

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